

A bundle of sex toys he had in his pack,
 OOHHHHH man! I knew better than to show him MY BACK!
 His eyes - how bloodshot! His nose how hairy!
 His breath smelled of whiskey, his demeanor was SCARY!
 He drooled from his mouth and was as white as the snow.
 Except for the black dots on his chin; HE WAS A ONE MAN
 SHOW,
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the frop smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a dotted face like it had been punctured with quills,
 He was obviously high, on a multitude of pills.
 He was loaded and drunk, a right jolly old elf,
 A narcissistic bastard, stuck on himself;

With water in his eye and a twist of his head,
 "OH SHIT"! I said to myself, I started to dread;
 He bragged the whole time, but went straight to his work,
 TAKING ALL MY FROP; BOOZE and MONEY; WHAT A
 JERK!
 And laying his stinky finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, out of the tent flaps he rose;
 He sprang to the Chevy, to his team gave whip,
 And away they all flew to an awaiting spaceship.
 As he drove out of sight, as I screamed "MOTHERFUCKER!"
 He said, "Thanks for the money, see you next year sucker."



WELCOME TO



WARNING:
 All employees of the US Government must present identification to registrar before entering these grounds. All electronic recording devices and weapons must be presented for inspection prior to entry.
 US CODE Title 303, Section 1998-Jy5 DHS
 REGULATION 13013-X

**SubGenius Mind Control Experiment
 #2198, Xist Harvest Point,
 and/or Rupsture Preparation Training
 Course**
 ANNUAL SUBGENIUS MIGRATION to the
WESTERN NY BREEDING GROUNDS
*You may have "been there" and "done that" but has IT done YOU?! - -
 Marquis Des Moines*



**CAMPGROUND RULES,
 X-DAY LAWS**

RANTERS/BANDS

This schedule is probably a joke. If you want to perform on stage in some manner, there will be a sign-up sheet near the main stage. Those needing amplification or stage time should pester Priestess Pisces or Rev. Scotty (The Amino Acids) regarding best times or spaces to perform in.

VIDEO/AUDIO

If you do NOT want your image to be used in X-Day promotional documentaries, you must inform Rev. Stang or SubGenius Authorities, and also you should lurk unobtrusively in the background. Otherwise it will be assumed that you wont mind being seen in an X-Day documentary. Likewise, you do not need our permission to photograph or videotape an event, but you should exercise common courtesy and make sure the person you're photographing doesn't mind. We reserve the right to destroy the equipment and confiscate the recordings of dipshit mediographers who irritate the staff, performers or audience. That holds true for any type of dipshit.

TRASH

We want the Earth to be pristine when we destroy it. Also, we love to make the pagans look like litterbugs by comparison. Please don't leave cans, bottles, cig butts or 'Frop roaches around. Trash and recycling bins are everywhere, and dumpsters are at the Brushwood entrance. Please carry your trash out. We know that the Earth will soon be one gigantic ashtray, but in the meantime we beg your indulgence.

MERCHANTS

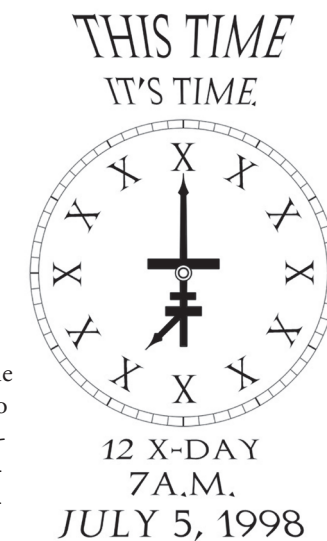
Set up anywhere you want as long as it's 20 feet away from the main structures such as the pool house and the stage area.

SLACK-BARTER

WE NEED PHYSICAL LABOR HELP and you can earn back your Registration fee by working it off. **3 hours of labor = half your registration; 6 hours gets you all \$30 back.** Ask Pisces or Rev. Modemac about such duties.

BULLDADA AUCTION

Bring your Bulldada to sell off in the name of the Church! And be ready to spend money. One SubGenius's hateful unwanted crap is another SubGenius' beloved belabored postmodernist inadvertent camp masterpiece.



"The X-Day house party and fin d'seacle freak show "parade" is something even the back-to-gabbers do, with a pumped up number of beats per minute, ten pils down your gob for 20 hours of chomping your bit, no ambience save for a couple of yellow cube lights haven't been able to kill. Also consider the fact that bouncing around on bad 'frop (probably pils, if nothing worse) or bad Church Air (probably 'frop, if nothing worse) is considered a definite no-no, never mind what you heard. And then, is it really your idea of fun to stand around some crossroads with no clue as to your whereabouts, with a Brushwood map in hand which has snakes for roads crawling about, because you're hallucinating like an oilslide? Well then, simply get to know a few people first, which is not such a hard thing to do at X-Day, and all kinds of possibilities will, if need be, arise by their own accord. In the meantime, remember: there's much more to be discovered!"
 (Adapted from an Amsterdam guidebook)

NEAREST LIQUOR STORE DIRECTIONS:
 Evans Liquors - 1013 Fairmount Avenue, Jamestown, NY
 14701 Phone: 716-488-2009

1. Head east on Bailey Hill Rd toward Clymer Sherman Rd/County Rte-15 2.3 mi.
2. Turn left at NY-76/Rte-76. Continue to follow NY-76 - 2.4 mi
3. Turn right to merge onto I-86 E/NY-17 E - 9.4 mi
4. Take exit 8 for NY-394 toward Lakewood/Mayville - .2 mi
5. Turn right at W Lake Rd/NY-394/Rte-394 (signs for Lakewood) Continue to follow NY-394 - 7.9 mi
6. Arrive at 1013 FAIRMOUNT AVE, JAMESTOWN, on the RIGHT

BTW, it's by Wegmans, a SUPER supermarket with EVERYTHING you might EVER want or need. Screw WalMart!



NOISE

Most of us are up practically all night, being noisy. If you can't sleep with loud music or drumming going on nearby, you should take SPECIAL CARE to camp far from others. Brushwood has many private, distant, quiet campsites. If you camp close to other camps, DON'T GIVE

THEM GRIEF for partying all night long. That's what X-Day at Brushwood is for. The noise isn't their problem, but yours. Move to another spot further in the woods.

SCHEDULE

The greatness that is X-Day lies not in what is planned but what is NOT planned. Anyone can be a participant and performer. It's just that if you're really bad, you might be killed or punished in some worse way. Every tent is a potential orgy, every square inch of dirt a stage. The experienced preachers may be hogging the stage and "live radio" facilities most of the time, but don't hesitate to ask if you can sit in.

We are not yet able to accurately schedule the rainstorm, but when it happens, *GO TO THE STUDIO (next to the showers) for movie shows.*

Nothing starts before 1 pm except on July 5!

TUNE IN 90.3 FM for ORKILLME RADIO!

Registration: Main Stage, 1 pm to 6 pm, Thurs-Sat

WEDNESDAY JULY 1

Wandering, wondering, yakking, Slacking
Set-up of stage, swag shack, etc. once I-Van arrives

6:00 Doktor Jams, sermonizing & Last Rites for Earth
(Open Mic! Good time for first-time preachers, musicians.)

After Sunset: DR. DARK'S DRIVE-IN

THURSDAY JULY 2

2:00 Registration opens at stage, Opening Invocations and Dispensations, Live Hours of Slack

3:00 Swag Shack opens

5:00 - midnight: Open Mic Preaching, Dr.-Jamming, / Drunken Olympics & Extreme Idiot Sports

7:00 LOST finale viewing & gangwar - Quijibo Station

After Sunset: DR. DARK'S DRIVE-IN
From 1st spasm till ???: Parties at various camps

FRIDAY JULY 3

2:30 Hours of Slack w/ Dr. Hal, Stang, Dave, Susie, etc.

4:00 Ask Dr. Hal; Bulldada Auction

5:00 Quijibo Snooty Beer and Wife Swapping Party at

at Hydra Station Beer Garden

7:30 UN-COSTUME BALL

8:15: JOHN DEERE TRACTOR BEAM

9:00 Phat Man Dee

9:30 DR. LEGUME'S WEIRD RITUAL PARTY

11:00 OPEN JAM/PREACHATHON -Freestyle Battle

Parties at various camps

SATURDAY JULY 4

1:00 Registration, Swag Shack open

2:30 Hours of Slack live on stage

4:00 Water Bobtism

5:00 SubGenius GANG WAR, Drunken Olympics & Extreme Idiot Sports

7:00 Bulldada Auction

8:00 Andrew the Impaled

8:45 FAT FREE

10:00 THE AMINO ACIDS with World Premiere Film

10:45 BONFIRE (at The Roundhouse) -- Slacrifices, Book Burnings, Life Sized Human "Dummy" Burnings, etc.

11:30 to ?? Open Mic/rant/sickenings/expulsions/Dr.Jam

1 am: DJ 2B and Parties at various camps

SUNDAY JULY 5

7:00 A.M. The Rupture

(The world ends on July 5 at 7 a.m.; meet at Main Stage; party continues for SubGenii aboard Escape Vessels)

((If this turns out not to be a Drill, we cannot guarantee the accuracy of the rest of this schedule.))

?? Rev. V & Rev. Ennie's Pancake Feast

2:30 Hour of Slack live and THE BOBBIE AWARDS

4:00 DJ SHAVER (and Swag Shack close

5:00 Stage Take-down; Unplugged Dr-jams, preaching, Slacking

6:00 The Last Pot Luck Feast (bring your own pot)

9:00 Hour of Slack on WCSB if we get Hal to the station on time
10:00 Radio Synesthesia on WCSB with Dr. Hal (89.3 FM, Cleveland)

In case of rain, any event might be replaced by an indoor video show in the Studio (near Brushwood Registration, next door to the showers)

Meltdowns by mentally ill campers should be scheduled for Saturday after midnight, if possible

The Night Before X-Day

by Pope David

Lee Black



Rev. 80

'Twas the night before X-day, when all through the camp,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a tramp;

The membership cards were stuffed in the wallet with care,

In hopes that sex-goddesses soon would be there;

The Bobbies were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of pornography danced in their heads;

And Wei in her 'kerchief, and Stang in his cap,

Had just settled down for a long frof induced nap,

When out in the campground there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the tent to see what was the matter.

Away to the flaps I flew like a flash,

Tore open the tent zipper and threw up the mosquito mesh.

The moon on the breast of the July night dew,

Gave the luster of mid-day to this hairy assed, pagan zoo,

When, what to my wondering eyes appeared titties and penises,

And a 57 Chevy, pulled by eight nekid SubGeniuses,

With the driver, being followed by angry, rabid mobs,

I knew in a moment it must be "BOB" DOBS!

More rapid than Yacitisma his coursers they came,

And he whipped them, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Monty! Now, Janor! Now, Decadence and Nenslo!

On, Deathchick! On Legume! On, Sterno and Philo!

To the top of the campers! To the top of the Brushwood camp hall!

Now frof away! Frof away! Frof away all!"

As crop circles that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with a UFO, up in the sky,

So up to the tent-tops the nekid SubGeniuses flew,

With the Chevy full of sex-toys, and "Bob" Dobbs too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the tent,

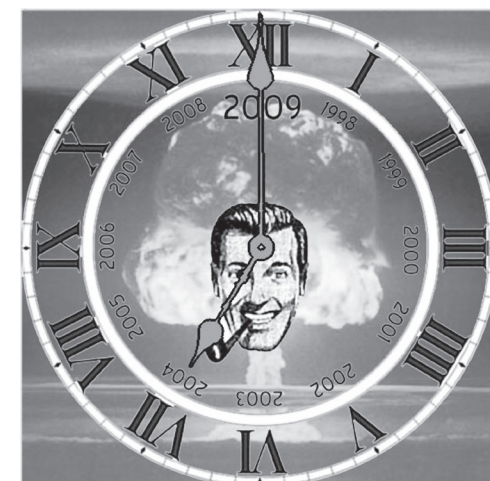
The prancing and pawing of each little gimp.

As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,

Through the tent flaps Dobbs came with a bound.

He was dressed in a suit, from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with pipe ash and soot;



Rev. Modemac